In Ruhleben Camp

No. 3 Price Tuppence

Sunday, July 11th 1915.

RUHLEBEN CAMP SCHOOL

COMMITEE:

Messrs S. A. Henrickson 7/4; A. Reynolds 23/B; A. N. Pennington T/A; A. W. M. Platow 2/25; A. H. Bodin 11/7; A. C. Ford 10/13 (Chairman); S. M. Hart 10/16 (Secretary).

Some 50 classes are now at work giving instruction in languages and literature, philosophy, engineering, mathematics and Commercial Subjects. The Secretary attends daily from 3—4 in the afternoon in the shed between Barracks 2 and 3.

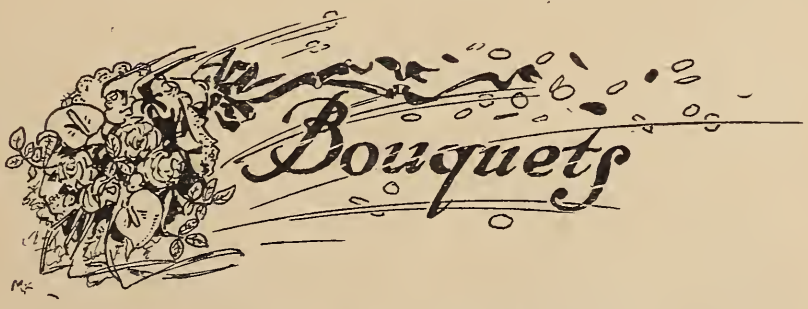
Teachers urgently needed: especially in modern languages.

In Ruhleben Camp

No. 3. July 1915.

THANKS to you all for buying up our second number so readily and enabling us to hang out the "SOLD OUT" board two hours after the issue of the first copy. We are sorry we have no more left to satisfy those who did not secure a copy on Sunday, but the offer, posted on our office window, to buy back copies of No. 2 at 40 pfgs. each has been responsed to in only four cases.

With regard to our finances, may we explain that the Newspaper & Printing Department working together only just manage to cover expenses. The paper itself does not absolutely meet its expenses. Now our next issue we would like to make a special Bank Holiday number devoted solely to Camp stories and pictures. This will entail extra expense in the respect of our cover and an increase in the number of pictures and consequently the price of No. 4 to appear on Aug. 2nd will be 30 pfgs. Will the Camp grumble? Of course it will! Will the Camp buy it? Of course it will!



WE throw a bouquet at Mr. Peebles-Conn and Mr. Green for their delightful promenade concerts.

WE throw a bouquet at the Entertainments Committee for arranging the "prom." concerts on Sunday.

WE throw a bouquet at ourselves for giving the devil his due. —

WE throw a bouquet at Mr. Butterworth for having so successfully negotiated the Casino steps.

ARTS & SCIENCE UNION

THE POPULAR LECTURES on Technical subjects will continue as usual at 10 a. m. on Wednesdays and Saturdays.

THE POPULAR LECTURES on Colonies and Foreign Countries from the commercial and economic point of view will continue on Saturdays at 3 p. m.

OTHER POPULAR LECTURES will be arranged for Wednesday at 3 p. m.

A SPANISH CIRCLE under *Mr. Barry* has begun work, meeting every Friday at 3 p. m. for discussion, reading and conversation in Spanish.

A FRENCH CIRCLE will be formed shortly.

THE CLASS IN CHINESE (MANDARIN) has begun with a large attendance, and meets on Mondays, Wednesdays, Thurdays and Saturdays, 9—10 a. m.

BY ORDER OF THE AUTHORITIES,-

no one is allowed on the 3rd Grand Stand between the hours of 8 p. m. and 8 a. m. Any infraction of this rule may endanger our whole teaching facilities.

THE LOFT OF BARRACK 6

has been handed over.

CHEAPER ENTERTAINMENTS.

An Interview with the Chairman of the Entertainments Committee.

THE Entertainments Committee is a body appointed by the Captains' Office to look after the entertainments of the Camp. The present members are Chairman: Captain J. Thorpe, Vice-Chairman: W. Butterworth, and W. Crossland-Brigegs, B. E. Tapp, A. Roker and F. Ch. Adler.

Having received several letters on the subject of the Camp Entertainments and also having had complaints as to the non-representation of several societies on this body, our representative called upon the Chairman of the Entertainments Committee, Mr. Thorpe and asked him to give us some idea as to the work the Committee was doing.

With regard to the representation of the Arts & Science Union and the Irish players, the two bodies instanced by our representative, Mr. Thorpe informed us that it was never the idea that all bodies working for the entertainment of the Camp should be represented on the Committee and he thought that such bodies and the Camp as a whole might rely upon the fairness of the Committee in dealing with all questions which came before them without bias. He himself, for instance, was a member of the R.D.S., but that would have no influence upon his actions as Chairman of the Committee.

Asked what expenses the Committee had to bear, Mr. Thorep explained that they were just undertaking the enlargement of the stage so as to improve the view from the sides of the house, which would involve an expenditure of at most M. 350 (£ 17-10-0). In addition to this they had to meet the weekly expenses amounting to M. 30. This included payment of several stage-hands; the cleaning of the hall was not in their province. The preparation of tickets for the various shows amounted to M. 10 a week, certainly not more.

The following arrangements have been made with regard to the booking of the hall: Monday night, Arts & Science Union; Tuesday night, Debating Society; Wednesday night, being no longer occupied by the Divine Service, to be held free for any incidental need, Thursday, Friday Saturday and Sunday would be allotted for dramatic productions.

The Entertainments Committee has now a balance in hand amounting to about M. 2000 (£ 100). Asked whether this had been put into the Camp Fund, Mr. Thorpe said it was credited to them by the Camp Treasurer.

With regard to the prices, these at present were Stalls 75 Pf., which produced M. 82.50 a night; Circle 50 Pf.,

producing M. 20 a night; five rows of the pit (there are sometimes seven or eight) at 25 Pf., producing M. 30; this means that one house produces M. 132.50, Mr. Thorpe agreed that two such houses would in most cases pay the cost of production. "As You Like It" for instance was, according to Ruhleben standards, a very expensive show, and this cost M. 420 to stage. But it must be remembered that this provided for an entirely new outfit of "curtain scenery" which will probably be used over and over again and then used up in the form of dresses.

In answer to an inquiry as to whether it would not be possible to reduce the prices on the last two nights of the shows to 30 and 20 pfgs. Mr. Thorpe said he did not think this would be practible as the Camp would wait for the cheap nights.

Speaking quite personally and not in any way on behalf of the Committee, Mr. Thorpe said he saw no reason why present prices should not in the future be considerably reduced for the whole four nights. It must be remembered he added that as time went on, properties were accumulating and consequently the cost of productions decreasing. Musical shows would of course cost more and there might possibly be shows which would involve the hiring of costumes from Berlin, so that in these cases an exception would have to be made, though in case of need they might draw on the big reserve they had piled up. Asked as to whether the procedure set up at the last concert given under the auspices of Messrs. Ludlow and Lindsay of charging entrance was to be followed in future, Mr. Thorpe replied that was an exception, as the group of gentlemen who gave the concert stated that they wished to defray certain expenses. The expenses in question were the repairing of Mr. Ludlow's violin, and the renting of the grand piano for the period of one month. The takings of that concert amounted, he believed, to about M. 190. The cost of renting the grand piano would not, said Mr. Thorpe, in future be borne by the entertainment committee. The committee had also decided that in future no charge shall be made for entrance to concerts.

T. A. B.

(WE have asked for a statement with regard to the Variety Show given for the benefit of the Variety Artistes in the Camp, but unfortunately, it had not comento hand at the moment of going to Press. It is also interesting to note that the Irish Players applied forleave to reduce their prices for the performance last Sunday and the Entertainments Committee met them with a refusal. — Ed.)

Pondside Stores

INTERVIEW WITH THE OLDEST INHABITANT OF RUHLEBEN.

Our Camp Commissioner chats with Mr. A. N. Oldun.

WHEN our Special Commissioner called at Barrack 20, Mr. Oldun was busily occupied with a microscope, but the venerable gentleman cheerfully expressed his willingness to be interviewed.

"This" he smilingly said, indicating the microscope "is my favourite hobby; at present I am searching the papers for news. I can't say I have been very successful as yet; but it passes the time, and with a bit of luck I might come across something one of these days!

Oldest inhabitant? Why, I should jolly well think I am! I've been here ever since there was a Ruhleben; yes, sir, ever since the Camp was started! Changes? Yes, there's been a tidy few changes since I first came here. You would hardly believe, for instance, that when I was a young man they used to play rounders over there where Uncle Tom's Cabin stands to-day! It was all open ground then — except where Pondside Stores stood, and that was all water — acres of it. We youngsters, as we were then, used to bathe there, and many's the time I've dived for sardine tins and acid drops! But it's all dry land there now, as you can see for yourself.

"I used to get postcards in those days, but they have dropped off now, and so have the writers, I expect. Not that I ever took much stock in them; the only kind I used to get had "freigegeben" on the front, and "love from Aunt Emma" on the other side; but they're a great comfort, no doubt, to some.

"Accidents? Well, I must not complain, but of course I have had my share. I remember one day, the man who slept in the bunk over mine dropped half a loaf of bread on my head . . . but I came round in an hour or two, and here I am to-day, alive and well. It's a poor heart that never rejoices, as the sailor said when he found a beef tea advertisement in his billy-can!

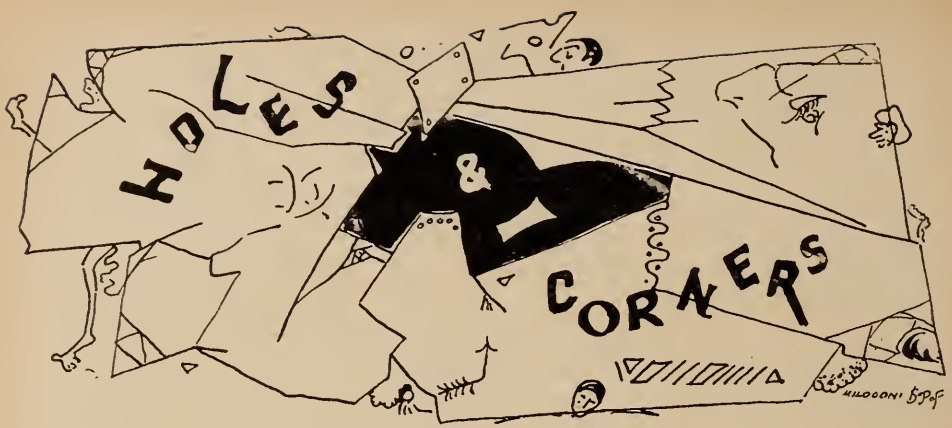
"One of the most curious sights I ever saw in this Camp was a woman! Yes, sir, a real live woman; and I saw her as plainly as I can see you now! There's plenty would bear witness that what I say is true, only they are all dead and gone! But she did not stay long, poor thing. I think that some of these wild men you see about the Camp scared her; you know the kind I mean, — long hair and short breeches. Anyhow the woman cleared out, and has not been seen here

since . . . As to musical matters, you say? Well, in my time we were satisfied with Harry Lauder on the gramophone and a bit of Hallelujah chorus on Sundays; and that's about all there was. All we wanted, being old-fashioned folk, was a bit of melody with a dash of sentiment, but they tell me the public taste has changed, and that we must not choose our own music, but have it dished out to us by some of these high-falutin young gentlemen that talk so much and do so little. But I see there's still a few of the old way of thinking left, judging by the crowd that I saw at the promenade concert the other day. Real good popular music it was, and played in first-rate style too, and didn't it go down with the people, too! A regular Peebles-Concert you might call it! . . . I must have my little joke, you see!

"From what I can see of it" resumed Mr. Oldun "there will be a very special assortment of language experts let loose when the Camp breaks up. Leaving out the naturally gifted ones, — and there's a good lot of them, let me tell you in Ruhleben, — there's classes for Arabic, and Chinese, and goodness knows what else. A friend of mine started a class for Camp policemen once; his idea was to teach them polite language, but he died of a broken heart, poor chap! I see the latest scheme is a Nil d'Esperanto class, and I wish them luck. Talking of language, I once heard a few remarks made by a man who dropped his Christmas bottle of beer and broke it! But we're too near the Infants' Dormitory, so I don't think I'll say any more about that.

What our patriarchal friend's next topic would have been, it is impossible to say, for at that moment a messenger arrived with news of his release. The fountains of diplomacy had at last begun to run! Alas! they bore with them the veteran's life. Stunned by the crushing force of such an unexpected blow, and seeing, in mental vision, the uprooting of old associations and habits, Mr. Oldun fell forward in a swoon, and never spoke again!

Here in the sweltering heat I sit
In weary woes immersed
And strive upon some scheme to hit
To rid me of my thirst.
Oh who can tell my grief profound
Beyond man's power to think
With Scotch and Irish all around
And not a drop to drink!



IN the name of the Camp may we congratulate our Hamburg friends on their happy return to Ruhleben. By the way, did the champagne taste as good on the way back as it did on the way out?

THE sportsmen in the Camp may have a very pleasant surprise soon. What is it? Oh, but we mustn't say, but just one tip! Don't take that tennis racquet along to the Exchange & Mart.

BY the time this number is on sale, our local Bond Street will be in full swing and we hope to offer our readers a fascinating serier of shopping articles. We are engaging the services of one of the most popular actresses of the day to write this column for us so it will not only be helpful but charming as well!

HAVE you heard any really good Camp jokes? If you have, do bring 'em along for our Bank Holiday Number and don't tell them to everybody first. Also, if you sketch, bring your drawings along too. But if you have written a serious article, calculated to do the Camp good, don't bring it along. Keep it for No. 5. Not 4 is going to be sheer unadulterated Fun — and note the capital F.

IT has suddently dawned upon us that the Exchange & Mart, smart business people that they are, have done us down and bought up all the spare copies of No. 2. Anyhow if you want a copy, apply to them!

WITH regard to "Our Society" founded by Mr Butterworth and a number of his friends we are able to offer the Camp the following particulars. „Our Society" consists of 50 members who

(Continued on page 10)

TSIM
Ruhleben 1915.

have stumped up for the building of the shed at the back of Bar. 7. They have arranged for the erection of this shed mainly in order to lend it to other people. Thus from 8 — 12 and from 3 — 7 the premises (ahem!) are at the disposal of the various homeless dramatic societies straying around the Camp, for rehearsal purposes. Between 12 — 3 the "paying fifty" bring along their Camp chairs, drink coffee and hold sweet commune. Two evenings in the week will be devoted to a symposium — a long word that means that an opportunity will be given to members to expound theories, the exposition of which has hitherto been squashed by the 5 — minute rule of the Debating Society.

So altruistic seem the aims of the new body that we are not sure whether "Our Darlings" would not be a better name.

WE draw the attention of our readers to the interview in this number, with the Chairman of the Entertainments Committee. We feel we shall have the sympathy of the whole Camp in taking the stand we do on the subject of cheaper Entertainments. There is absolutely no reason for the amassing of funds in the Camp and the fact that there is a balance of 2000 M. to the credit of the Committee is alone sufficient evidence that there has been mismanagement somewhere. We should like to see the prices of Entertainments half what they are at present. Does the Entertainment Committee realise that as a result of their policy the same 500 people have been enjoying the comfortable seats ever since entertainments started for there certainly are not more than 500 who can afford 75 Pfgs. for a seat at a show. Now be it remembered that most of the other seats are hardly worth having!

Again, if there be any surplus, why does not the body giving the show state the object to which profits are to be devoted, for instance, an advertisement like this would rejoice our hearts. "The Speckled Band" Three Extra Nights! As Extenses have now been paid, all takings will be devoted to reducing the price of margarine for two days."

"THE Nursery" is apparently in great spirits for we have received the following plaintive story from a reader:

"The other day, whilst wandering in the vicinity of the "Boys" Barracks, my thoughts as usual high up in the moon, I felt my sleeve violently pulled. Coming down to earth again; I discovered two cheeryfaced youngsters evidently eager to show me the and outs of their new quarters. Linking arms they guided me round the sheds. At the extreme end of the enclosure we came across twenty or thirty other boys lying about on the sand in all attitudes of studied idleness, leaving only a small passage for us to thread our way to their Barrack door. An unwholesome silence prevailed, which should have aroused my suspicions. As the boys showed no inclination to increase the width of the footway, my conductors, courteously I thought, stepped to one side and allowed me to pass through first. Alas! I took a step towards the passage and my foot crushed through the paper and sticks which, covered with a layer of sand, hid a trench full of water. As I hurried back to my Box to change into dry clothes, the screams of the delighted kids rang in my ears, already the booby trap was being prepared again for another victim with a faith in the innocence of boyhood as strong as mine — — was.

THE following are the theatrical fixtures for the next month or two:—

The Private Secretary July 8th.
Der Graf von Luxembourg, July 15th.
Scenes from Dickens, July 20th.
(produced by the Debating Society)
Three Irish Plays. July 22nd.
L'enfant Prodigue, July 29th.
The Silver Box, Aug. 5th.

The Entertainments Committee has also passed for rehearsal "Fanny's First Play", "The Master Builder" and "The Importance of Being Earnest."

IT is reported that the martins and swallows in the vicinity of Barrack 2, held a meeting recently and elected one of their number as president, considering it infra dig to be under the captaincy of a Swift.

WE are in a position to deny the report that the gentlemen of Caledonian persuasion in No. 2 Barracks are publishing a joint work on Iron Ore.

THE Camp Librarian has handed us the following interesting details with regard to that most useful section of Camp work: "The Library was started on Monday 14th November, 1914 with a collection of 83 books, received from the American Ambassador and Mr. Trinks. Requests to members of the Camp to contribute books, met with a ready response. In addition books were received from the Seamen's Mission at Hamburg, from England (particularly from Mudies Library and their clients) and from friends resident in Germany. We now have over 2000 English books, 2000 English & American Magazines, 300 German Books, 130 French books.

During the month of April last, the number of books lent was 6395 an average of 256 books per day for the 25 days the library was open. While for the month of June the number was 6326, an average of 253.

At the present time 1897 of the interned are members of the library.

A catalogue of the books is now in the hands of the printers, and those desiring a copy of same are requested to hand in their names at the printing office. We intend to issue monthly supplements of books added.

Gifts of French, Spanish and Italian books to the Library would be highly appreciated.

WE wish to congratulate Mr. Peebles-Conn and Mr. W. N. Green on the success of the promenade concerts and would like to put in a plea for the sale of the programmes, After all, to buy a programme is a very small recognition for the very great pleasure the musicians give us and the least we can do is to provide their music.

OUR Canteen Editor tells us that during the summer months butter and margarine will be sold by the pint.

In future, a complete price-list of articles usually in stock will be hung outside the canteen. Should there be no price opposite any particular article, it means that the said article is not obtainable on that day. SO PLEASE DO NOT ASK FOR IT.

REMERCIEMENTS

(We hawe received following little tribute from a french reader)

"Ruhleben Camp" quel est ton âge?
Un mois Monsieur, plein de courage.
"Ruhleben Camp", je suis heureux
De te savoir si valeureux!

Te demandes si tu nous plais?
Compte tous ceux qui désolés
Vinrent ouir à ta fenêtre:
"Tout est vendu, je le regrette"

Bien cher ami ton prompt succès
N'étonne point, car tu le sais:
Quand l'homme veut, quand il travaille,
Il est vainqueur dans la bataille.

Ne crains donc rien, marche toujours
Tu possides tous nos amours;
En cet exil, ta vive flamme
Rechauffera notre pauvre âme.

Faire le bien! quoi de plus beau
Quoi de plus doux, quoi de plus haut?
Et quand viendra la Delivrance
On gardera ta souvenance

Toi, tu mourras, mais tes bienfaits
Dans tous les coeurs seront gravés
Et ce sera ta recompense
Predit la Muse en vers de France.

Sanssouci.

I wonder, if many of us will miss,
When the day of freedom dawns,
This Camp which like a chess-board is,
Whereon we are but Pawns.

Sometimes a Pawn is taken away
For hours — at least 24! — —
And when I think it over, I say:
I don't want to play any more.

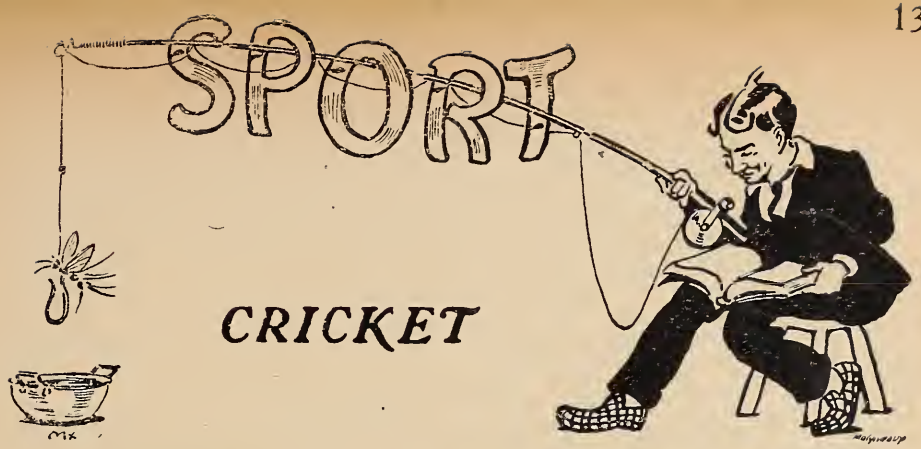
P. H.

GENTLEMEN'S TAILORS
&
BREECHES
MAKERS

KITCHENER & MARCHANT

LONDON
PARIS
BERLIN

New branch now opened at
Ruhleben between Barrack 2 & 3.



CRICKET

A Review of the Season up-to-date by "UMPIRE"

". . . . and Flanneled Fools". *-Kipling.*

HAVING seen the form of the various teams on several occasions, one is now better able to pick out those teams whose chances seem rosiest for the honours.

The cricket has on the whole been of a high and attractive standard, although the actual results have not been close enough to warrant any intense excitement.

Very few games have ended contrary to expectations; the surprises being the defeat of Bar. 3 by Bar. 12 and the victory of Bar. 4 over Bar. 8.

The expected great match of the season — "Nigs v Nobs" — proved rather a fiasco. The „Nobs" declared their innings closed after scoring 395 runs for the loss of 6 wickets, and not content with that disposed of the "Nigs" twice, 1st inns for 42; 2nd inns for 113. No less than four members of the Bar. X team scored over 50 runs — Masterman 129, Gilbert 78, Harrison 63 and Belmont 57 (not out) — the first named batted beautifully and faultlessly. Gilbert 5 for 21 and Masterman 4 for 11 shared the bowling honours.

Thanks to an excellent innings by Simmonds Bar. 2 were able to defeat Bar. 9 by 29 runs, his total of 61 was most creditable.

Your old friend Jack Brearley scored a most attractive 85, for Bar. 4 v Bar. 7, seeing that Bar. 4's total was only 145 Jack must have set to work with a will. Despite his good intentions, nobody was able to assist him and his side lost by 80 runs.

Bar. 5 has taken second place in the highest aggregates with a total of 326 v Bar. 13. Campbell 106, Nash 59 and Baker 57 being the chief scorers. This is Campbell's second hundred this season, having made 117 for Bar. 5 (2nd XI) v Bar. 6 (2nd XI). Out of Bar. XI's total of 291 the follo-

wing were the big scorers: Haynes 83, Nurse 59, Mills 50 and good old Steve 46, we were glad to see our old friend knocking up a score and can sympathize with him that he didn't get his "50".

Johnson 108 (not out) batted in good style against Bar. 1. When he was playing rounders we said he could hit, I'm sure the Bar. 1 bowlers agree with us.

Thanks to an attractive and forcing partnership between Fachiri and Dixon, Barrack VII were able to collect 225 runs v Bar. IV. Dixon got 90 (not out) and Fachiri 63.

The following big scores have been made this season (League matches only):

1st Division

J. C. Masterman	(Bar.	10)	129	v.	Bar	XIII	
L. Johnson	"	8	108	(not	out)	v. Bar.	1
J. T. Campbell	"	5	106	"	"	v. "	13
R. Stewart	"	5	100			v. "	6
H. L. Dixon	"	7	90	"	"	v. "	4
J. Brearley	"	4	85			v. "	7
R. Haynes	"	11	83			v. "	6
J. B. Gilbert	"	10	78			v. "	13

2nd Division

J. T. Campbell	(Bar.	5	2nd XI)	117		v. Bar.	6
W. Hanton	"	12	"	92		v. "	11
H H. Swift	"	10	"	89		v. "	6
A. E Dodd	"	10	"	78		v. "	13
W. Lowe	"	10	"	64		v. "	13
G. Mills	"	11	"	63		v. "	12
L. Boole	"	3	"	59		v. "	12
S. Raine	"	3	"	59		v. "	11

BEST BOWLING FEATS

1st Division

S. O'Neill	(Bar.	8)	6	wickets	for	11 runs	v. 1
H. Kemp	"	9	6	"	"	11 "	v. 12
R. Haynes	"	11	5	"	"	11 "	v. 12
R. B. Brown	"	9	7	"	"	17 "	v. 12
Steve Bloomer	"	4	6	"	"	15 "	v. 6
Barber	"	9	7	"	"	24 "	v. 2
H. Raper	"	12	7	"	"	24 "	v. 3

BOWLING (2nd Division)

L. Muscott	(Bar.	7)	8	wickets	for	3 runs	v. 4
M. Francis	"	7	6	"	"	3 "	v. 8
A. Maw	"	5	5	"	"	3 "	v. 13
V. Edmunds	"	10	5	"	"	5 "	v. 13
V. Edmunds	"	10	6	"	"	7 "	v. 5
Edwards	"	2	6	"	"	8 "	v. 8

Results up-to-date.

Date									
18	Bar.	10	—	395 (6 wkts.)	Bar.	13	—	42 & 113	
19	„	7	—	225	„	4	—	145 & 100	(5)
20	„	8	—	264	„	1	—	25 & 35	
21	„	2	—	139 & 73 (1)	„	9	—	110 & 98	
22	„	3	—	125 & 54	„	12	—	115 & 65	(8)
23	„	11	—	291	„	6	—	68 & 54	(7)
24	„	5	—	326	„	13	—	28 & 37	
25	„	10	—	164	„	7	—	86 & 59	2)
26	„	8	—	57 & 88	„	4	—	180	
27	„	2	—	151 & 72 3)	„	1	—	44 & 64	
29	„	9	—	120	„	12	—	21 & 39	
30	„	11	—	109 & 62 (4)	„	3	—	92 & 67	

Second Division

Date	Team	1st	2nd	Team	1st	2nd	
18	7	50	60 (3)	4	14	46	
19	2	141	8	8	26	88	
20	9	130		12	33	34	
21	3	121		3	119		
22	13	35	47 (2)	6	21	48	(5)
23	10	174		5	30	70	
24	7	101		8	17	82	
25	4	137		2	79		
26	11	98		9	38	83	
27	3	196		12	95		
29	5	166		13	13	68	
30	10	109		6	64		

We would like to remind our cricketing friends that spiked or nailed boots and shoes are not allowed, either on the pitches or at the nets. It is for your own sakes that we give you this little reminder.

Barrack 3 has two of its first team members on the "casualty" list: Gudgeon has sprained his ankle and Fisher has sustained a nasty cut on the jaw. We wish them speedy recovery and hope to see them back "in the ranks" before long.

One would like to ask the Cricket Association if it is not possible to hurry things up a bit between the finish of one innings and the beginning of the next. Of course we are in Ruhleben and our supplies of material are rather limited, but still it should hardly be necessary to have quite such long intervals. After all our time is also limited, so let us make the best of it and not dilly-dally.

D. K. GREENE.

THE next man who calls at our office with a design for the binding of our annual number will be murdered.

HOMESICK gentleman is willing to exchange a tin of ship biscuits for bottle of perfume (patchouli preferred).

THE IRISH PLAYERS

July 22nd

Three Short Irish Plays, from the Abbey Theatre, DUBLIN.

CATHLEEN NI HOULIHAN

by W. B. Yeats

THE RISING OF THE MOON

by Lady Gregory

THE SPREADING OF THE NEWS

by Lady Gregory

For times, prices, etc. see bills in the Camp

THE MODERN DICK TURPIN.

WHAT d'yu mean by puttin' my nime in the piper, I aint done nothin' to yu. My nime's Dick 'Alpin, but everybody knows oo you mean by "William Halpin", an it aint good enough. Yu may think it's a joke, I don't. Ah well, it's orl very well to say you want ter interview me but I want to know what you're agoin' to do abaht that there notice in the piper. I got my karikter to look after same as anybody else. I aint afraid of anybody in this 'ere bloomin' lager, Captains an' all. I may be little but I'm tough.

Well, look 'ere, make it two-fifty — just arf a dollar, eh?

That aint too much mister, for mind yer that aint a nice thing to 'ave in the piper. Well if you're goin' to tike a picture of me I don't mind corllin it square. Ow much of the piper will it tike up?

Oh yes my nime's 'Alpin arl right, Dick 'Alpin. Ever 'ear o' Dick Turpin? Well I got my nime from 'im. 'E rode a bloomin' oss to death an' I've rode a bloomin' bike to death! There's nothin' like cyclin' mister, I'll never give it up. It's my first 'obby, cyclin is. When I do die, I only 'opes as 'ow I'll drop dead on the old bone-shaker.

'Ow did I start cyclin', well I was tired o' towns Orlways a bloomin' bobby round the corner ready to shart at yer. No rest, no liberty. I'm all for liberty I am. I started work in Crosse & Blackwell's jam factory, but I soon chucked that and took to cyclin'.

I said cyclin' was my first 'obby, cause I've got two others. My second 'obby is studyin Natcher-out on the long road that's where I like to be; Yer know I aint one o' these 'ere poets an' I carn't write a book tho' you appears to think I'm kypable of it but I tell you I've got sperrit in me an' I aint afraid of any man in this lager — Captains an' all.

Well, what was I talkin' abaht — them bloomin' Captains always tikes me orf the track. Oh yes, I was sain' I warn't no poet but all the sime I sye I'm the richest man in this

Camp 'cause I know exactly the sort of life I wants an' I 'ave the means ter get it. What's that? What's me means? Well just I've me old bike an' I'm genyine fond o' that old scrapheap. Well wot if I 'ave sold 'er for fifteen mark I'll 'ave 'er back 'afore we're out o' this lager I tell yer. 'An then I've me wits. I aint no fool you know. We've a lot o' learned blokes in this Camp professors and poets and hactors an' wot not, but look 'ere mister, you put any of 'em on a bike in Tottenham Court Road, give 'em 4/10 in their pocket an' tell 'em to get to 'Ell out of it and bring back a stamped card from Monte Carlo in 45 days. 'Ow many of 'em 'ud do it Mister? 'Ow many? Wye not wan!

Want to 'ere sumfin' abaht my rides. Well I done Land's End to John of Groats five times in nine weeks, that's sumfin' like 4600 miles. Then I got tired of England, you carn't get further than John of Groats can yer? So I says, well I'll 'ave a look at the continong 'an a bloomin' long took I'm 'avin'..

Is this my first time across the channel? No fear, I went to Paris once — on the old jigger agin. 'Ad a good time too. You aint bin in the Moulin Rouge. Oh you'll 'ave to go there. Saw Carpentier there too got 'is nime in my book.

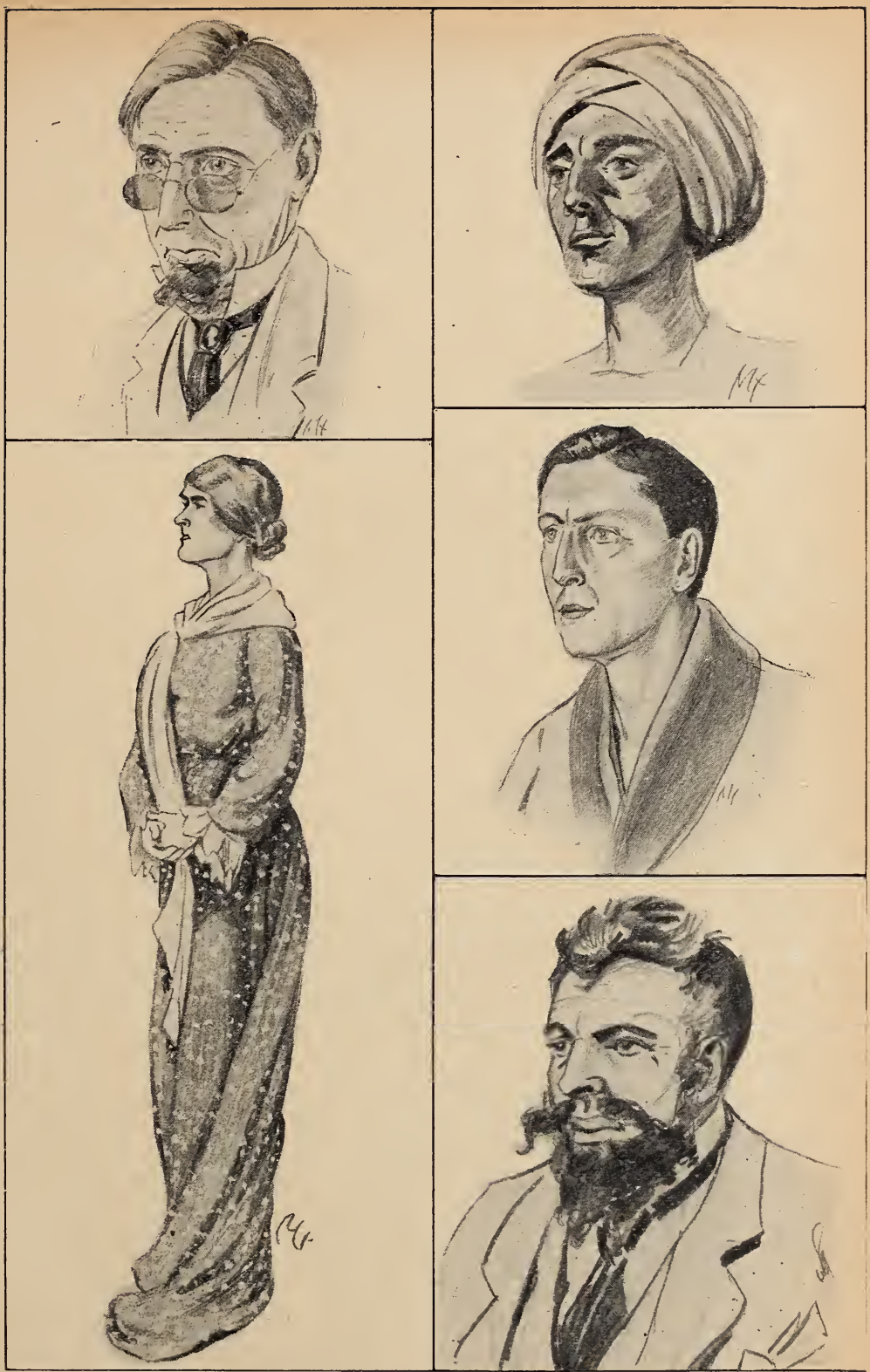
'Ow do I get on, well I 'as "London to Monte Carlo" on a placard on me bike an' as I passes through towns I calls at the Cinema an' usually the manager or someone can tork English then I tells the audience all abaht my journeys. Some on it's true mayhap some on it aint but any' ow all of its interestin'. Then I takes a collection an' there you are. Then I calls at all the hotels an' when there's Englishmen there I can always pitch 'em the tale abaht old London. Bless yer 'art I can bring tears to their eyes wi my patter abaht out of the sound o' Bow Bells. Its my fird 'obby what 'elps me to do that.

Oh yes, I got a fird obby it's studyin' Yuman Natcher. I tell you there's only one fing ats interestiner than Natcher an that's Yooman Natcher. I can read men like a book an' like books most on 'em ain't worth readin' twice. I got all the men in this Camp weighed up — Captains an' all. I know who' sputtin' on swank an' oo's somebody outside as well as somebody in 'ere.

Adventures, well aint five times from Land's End to John of Groats adventure? 'An if that aint adventure, wot do yer call a year in a bloomin' concentration Camp? If it aint adventure I dunno wot it is. It ain't wot yer calls: appy 'ome life is it now mister?

I remember when I was in Monte Carlo I sat down with 2 francs 50 and got up with 85 francs. That's wot I call

(Continued on page 20)



SOME "SPECKLED BAND" SKETCHES
Mr. H. F. Hamlyn as "ARMITAGE"; Mr. C. J. Pearce as "ALI";
Mr. J. H. Thorpe as "Mrs. STAUNTON"; Mr. E. J Davies as SHERLOCK HOLMES";
Mr. F. Ch. Adler as "Dr. RYLOTT".

seein' life mister. No, I didn't get into the swanky casino-place, 'cause yer see mister, Monte Carlo's like Ruhleben, they keeps the Casino for the Nobs. But yer can 'ave some fun there I tell yer. (I remember one morning abaht 2 o'clock getting into Abbeville an I was fair done an' so was the old bike. I stopped at a baker's shop an' 'e says somethin' abaht a Hotel de Ville. Well, I didn't parley vous extra well at that time an I thought it was some hotel where I might find some English an get a night's lodgin. Well when I gets there I finds it only a bloomin' Perlice Station. Well, the door was open an' inside a little lobby was a ambulance. That was enough for me, I just left the old bike out on the pave-ment an' into that ambulance I slips an' in two ticks I was away in Byebye land. I was woke in the mornin' by the 'Ell of a row and there's arf Abbeville an' all the perlice force round my old bike readin' the placard on it an' askin' where the mad Anglais was. Well, I was tired so I let em look around Abbeville for a couple of hours an' then out I pops. I seen some funny faces in my time — my mister, but I never see such a place as Ruhleben for funny faces I saw a bloke yesterday — oh well as I was syin' I never seen such a funny gesisht as those old French bobbies pulled when they saw me roll out of their old ambulance in their own police station. But in arf a tick I 'ad 'em dyin' of laughin' and when I left the town I'd got 5 francs out of 'em.

That's enough for now mister? Well look 'ere carn't you go on wiv it for number four. Mind yer, I can give yer amusin' stuff an it 'ud be a good advertisement for me when I get back to London. Why you 'aven't even seen my book, look 'ere — (at this point the interviewer fled, he knew Mr. Dick's book of old.)

T. A. B.

THE Captains say, in reply to A. B. Bar. 12 that it is not officially forbidden to keep gold-fish in the manger, but they think it would be unhealthy for the fish.

Overheard: — "Pretty good for B, 50 not out." "That's nothing-looks as though I'm going to be 90 not out."

"SAY boys, we're going home!" "Is that a fact?" — "No, it's a prophecy."

A certain member of Barrack 2 is now very careful to rise before 6.30 a. m.

SEND y ur love-letters to the Ruhleben girls by means of the RUHLEBEN EXPRESS DELIVERY, to be organised next week in our Camp.
Stam s to be had from our special messengers.
Postage, both for letters and cards, one halfpenny.

The Debating Society

DEAR INKSTAINS.

Last Tuesday we went to the Debating Society to hear "Anecdotes". Of course we hoped for something really spicy and just — oh, you know — shivered with joyous anticipation. Of course there would be nice little after-dinner stories, frillies, corsets, ample bosoms — and all the rest. Not a bit of it. Dear, decorous Butterscotch got up on his pedestals and prated about William Morris and Christabel Pankhurst to start with. Afterwards a gentleman told us how the Aliens Immigration Act worked or rather didn't. I was yawning by then, but Buskin nudged me and I woke up to find a sailor in possession of the platform, giving a demonstration of the working of the gong telegraph of a coaster. We knew all about it before he left the bridge I can tell you. Things were getting as dull as a Gravesend fog when a gent told us how he undressed in an hotel bedroom only to discover a lady between the sheets. What did he do? Walk out of the room of course. You should have heard the yells that went up. They were all about a ruminant climbing an arboreal stem as far as I could gather. Finally we were told a ghost story and went out with our hair on end. The public applauded vociferously and unanimously called for another evening of anecdotes.

"Buskin" said I, "how is it the house enjoyed this wretched stuff so much?" "Well, it's this", he replied — "we're not an intellectual race and what's more we're THE mugs of the British Empire or we shouldn't be here. Of course, we PRETEND to enjoy the brainjuice of the supermen, nobody's got the courage to say that they don't for fear of being styled "hignorant and hunedicated" with capital H's by his neighbours, but give us an entertainment needing no mental strain to suck it in and we applaud it uproariously. There's the plain truth." — And so to bed.

Yours faithfully,

THE MAD HATTER.

WHY DOES EVERYBODY rush to THE RUHLEBEN CARPENTRY WORKS

(First shed in rear of Bar. 7 opposite Bar 5)
to consult Mr. Josephson?

Because he knows

how to make their Ruhleben Lodgings cosy, comfortable and healthy.

Because

Mr. Josephson, who is a London builder with 25 years experience knows best how to do it.

We are not cheap-Jacks — but we are prompt and reasonable.

MISS MOLLY M'GINTY SENDS US THE UNSOLICITED FOLLOWING/TESTIMONIAL:

Frivolity Theatre,
Ruhleben W.

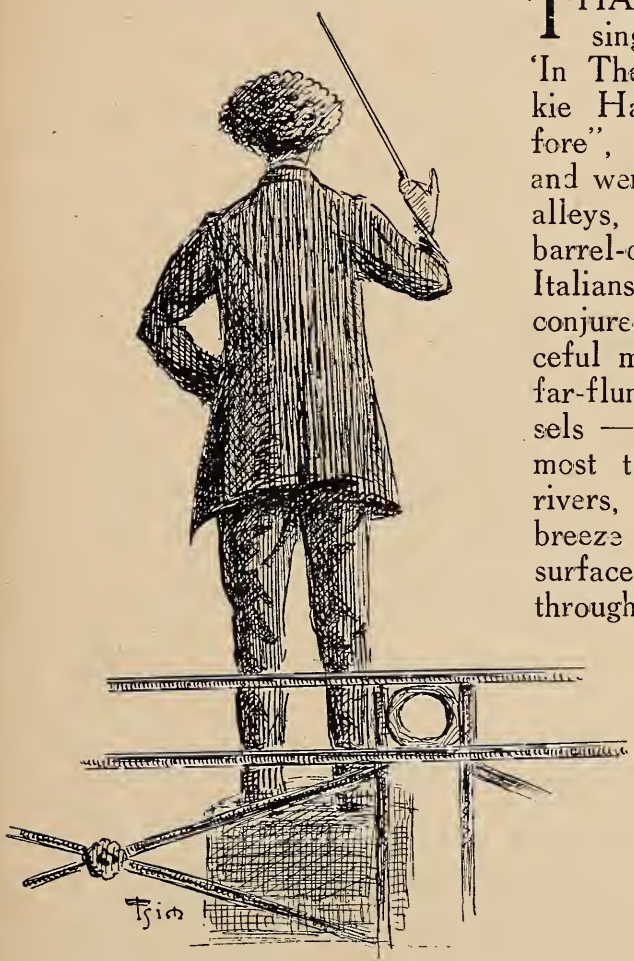
DEAR SIRS:

Algy brought me a packet of your really splendid and excellent toffee to the stage door last night and I feel I MUST really write to tell you how good I think it is. So wholesome and pure. It reminds me of my last tour in England where I ALWAYS ate your Toffee de Luxe. Isn't it just splendid being able to get it at the Ruhleben Stores here?

Yours very sincerely
MOLLY M'GINTY.

ENGLISH TOFFEE: 2 packets 15 Pfg. at Ruhleben Stores.

DREAMS.



THAT year everybody was singing it. "Oh, don't play 'In The Shadows', wailed Wilkie Hard, "I've heard it before", and the people grinned, and went on playing it: in foetid alleys, wrung out of drunken barrel-organs by swarthy, sober Italians: in our public parks, conjured up by impossibly graceful military conductors — the far-flung ideal of the city damsels —: and at Regattas, on the most tenderly beautiful of all rivers, where a shy English breeze ruffles and smoothes the surface of the stream, sighing through the poplars on the eyot, and catching at the muslin on the breast of an English girl. Prone on the gaudy cushions of the punt, she basks in the admiring homage of her partner; and when he, restless under the spur of his unconfessed hope, with a secret longing for quiet and seclusion, murmurs "S'awfully hot! What 'bout tea?" she nods her sleepy, initiated consent. The music follows them in wisps as they glide downstream, the basket of good things to eat and drink blinks in the July sun with benevolent promise, and the shady little backwater, that he has had in his eye all day, and which really knows all about them, opens its hanging willows to welcome them in as they slip over the darkened water, "into the shadows" . . .

In the corners of the ball-room girls and women chatter, their gay dresses and quick movements set off by staid groups of men: the floor is so bright that each separate light is reflected in a long spear. The pause was a long one, and impatient glances are thrown up to the orchestra, when suddenly, out of a muffled murmur, one of Strauss' waltzes flings its first bar of electric passion across the room. The groups break, eyes

light up in mutual recognition and anticipation, the ball-room becomes a living moving unity, and the music jerks its shower of restless desire over the revolving figures, guiding their submissive steps, rising, falling, leading up to ecstasy, sinking back to prose. How can those fellows stop to drink and smoke, when there are girls like Alice willing to tremble to your clasp as the music steals their brains and makes their limbs languid. Don't stop to analyse the sweet delirium, stripping its mystery into words she would not like to hear; take and enjoy it while it lasts. Her lips move; she is speaking — Too warm? Had enough? Well, there's always the garden — cool, dark, secluded — where there's no-one to hear — if you whisper, and are close enough . . .

They've walzed on the floor and they've walzed up the stairs, and sung their charming nonsense right through to the finale; and now it's all over; and the theatre doors are vomiting forth a motley crowd, where everyone wants the same taxi, first. Well, she's enjoyed it immensely; and so has he; and so have they both together. The street looks cold and inhospitable — unreal, too, after the jolly world they've just left; he thinks of his lonely room — a batchelor's is a dog's life, anyway. Now if—? he wonders if — and he looks down at her, and at the half question in his eyes she sinks her own, and takes his arm (she pretends it is the cold) oh so little — tighter. His hand plays nervously with the coins in his pocket. Can he run to it? Oh, damn the consequences. "What about supper somewhere? I know just the place" — "Oh rather; that'll be jolly! 'So with a nonchalant sweep of his arm, as if he did it every day, he summons a taxi, and they run off, with the Count of Luxembourg ditties still buzzing in their ears, "over the hills to Fairyland." . . .

Is it any wonder we like the Promenade Concerts?

H. M.

LOOK OUT FOR THE RUHLEBEN CAMP EXPRESS DELIVERY!

Letters or postcards sent all over the Camp.

Stamps can be purchased from our messengers.

Post in the boxes to be affixed in the barracks, and at all important points of the Camp.

WHY WASTE TIME in rushing around Camp looking for your friends? Drop a note in the R X. D. letter boxes It'll only cost you 1/3 d.

A REALLY ENGLISH EVENING.

ENGLAND'S turn at last! The A. & S. U., a small collection of persons misguided enough to waste the precious hours of their stay in Ruhleben in cultivating their own minds and those of other people (as far as they are allowed — this unenglish notion of training supermen is, fortunately for us all, kept within strict bounds by the powers that be) — this long-haired brigade advertised an evening of English Songs & Morris Dances. The dull weather and a vague idea that the Brothers Maurice were going to dance, filled the Hall with all sorts and conditions of men, and sub-men, the supermen having reserved the middle for themselves. That made the sub-men at the back feel pretty sure that whatever jam they were going to get would contain an intolerable deal of powder, so they kept up their spirits by cheering the brainy contingent as it filed to its appointed place.

Mr. Pease led off with a short account of old English Song and Dance under growing interruption from a section of the audience, presumably from that part of the Camp which has no friendly interest in things English. Mr. Tapp nobly exerted his best vocal powers and quelled them for a time, so that we heard Mr. Pease's recital of song and dance — titles and village names, and felt a little homesick. Then followed song and dance, and we were back in merrie England: Not the modern England which would fain cure the depression brought on by Puritan respectability and the strain of buying and selling to the best advantage by imputing Yankee, French, Russian, South American and any other weird foreign amusement. As the evening wore on, the Ruhleben palate, accustomed through it be to the brilliant piquancies of the "Empire" and the thrilling horrors of the "Speckled Band" began to find the cider, junket and bread & butter — kind of fare quite nice for a change.

The later dances were rigorously accompanied, the repetition of one was asked for but not conceded (casinoists are sown very thinly in the A. & S. U. and you have to save yourself if you are to dance in the vigorous old English way on soup) and the last song, High Germany, got right home, and was repeated, with a hearty tribute to Mr. Johnson the singer, and his accompanist Mr. Bainton. Mr. Pease had a hearty call and thanked the audience for the way they had joined in. The usual wrangle about the merits of the show followed on the parade — one thing could not be denied, that a new note had been struck in "Engländerlager, Ruhleben" entertainments — new because pure English.

H. S. HATFIELD.

(Do it again please! Often!! — Ed.)

THE RUHLEBEN CLARKSON.

How We Dress Our Actors and Actresses.

GIVEN several yards of crepe, cotton and thread, some old cardboard boxes, a few biscuit-tins and some string and glue make dresses for one Roman Emperor, two of his courtiers, Christian captives, two female ditto, a few incidental people, a number of gladiators, several soldiers, a crowd of males such as an editor, an oxdriver, a slave, a call boy and last but not least one lion, very much alive!

This was the problem which was placed before Dr. Lechmere in the early days of our captivity and the time allowed for the solution thereof was three weeks. Ruhleben ought to be proud of the performance for not only was the work completed within time but the examiners, the audience awarded full marks.

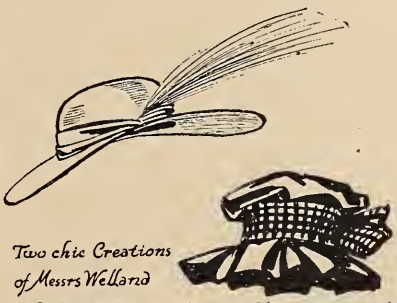
In those days the work was done in various boxes amid all the hurly-burly of box life and the recriminations of non dramatic members thereof. Now we have our special premises — it may be to the casual visitor from the outside they might seem to bear more resemblance to a cow-shed than to a costumier's department, but judged by our humble Ruhleben standards, they are palatial.

The shed was for rehearsing also so that the usual morning scene is — top end of the shed, rowdy rehearsal of exciting scene, in one corner of the rehearsal section sits the president or Secretary at a small table putting the final touches to a Ruhleben setting of the music of Gounod's Faust. Behind him is a large table manufactured out of a floor board and trestles at which the dress-makers are at work, while finally at the other end of the shed is the carpenter's bench. Just as printers get into the habit of quietly talking to one another heedless of the roar of the great rotary printing-presses so our costumiers have acquired the ability to sew, sew, sew oblivious of all interruptions or else dealing with the same in a manner so curt as to discourage the intruder for further advances and without ceasing work for a moment.

Interruption are never lacking, some are amusing, many are exasperating. Of the latter is the search for a sleeve which has been taken from the table and which is finally run to earth in the box of a man who had visited the shed and "thought it a remnant — just enough to cover my shelf." Here for the benefit of the Camp in general may I say the R.D.S. NEVER has any stuff suitable for covering shelves. Then the musical man wants the sewers to abandon their work to bind his 44 type-written copies of such and such a play or the car-

(Continued on page 28)

Mr Welland the designer of the wonderful modern costumes worn by the ladies of the Frivolity Theatre.



Two chic Creations of Messrs Welland & Lechmere for the Frivolity Theatre Productions.

Mr Lechmere, the pioneer Costumier of Ruhleben. He dressed 'Androcles & the Lion' & 'As you like it' .....

Miss L R Alston as 'Enid' in 'Speckled Band'. This dress is Mr Welland's Ruhleben Masterpiece: .....

penter comes in half laughing, half angry, at the cool cheek of the man who has handed him five yards of twisted wire, two handfulls of sawdust, a pot of glue, a strip of sock.ng and some gold paint with the request (made without the vestige of a smile) to manufacture the fiery serpent.

A member enters blushingly bearing two chemises (what ever they may be — Ed.) adorned with blue and red ribbon and a pair of petticoats (don't mind confessing, have heard that phrase before — Ed.) with frillies. These he explains his landlady packed in his bag by mistake. The gift is accepted thankfully, but the member had a bad time of it for the next week or two.

The producer of some show or other will drop in to discuss the possibilities of manufacturing a pair of high-heeled patent leather shoes with buckles for his heroine and there is something like a panic when it comes out that no hair-pins have been ordered. Here the carpenter comes nobly to the rescue and with his wire cutters and a Huntley and Palmer's biscuit tin, produces a dozen or so hair-pins — not exactly things of beauty, but they do hold the hair together and the heroine's coiffure is all the heart could desire. Finally in strolls a leading lady to try on. Fifty minutes late of course, for our Ruhleben actresses enter finely into the spirit of leading ladyships. First to see to the lady's anatomy, for not merely has our Camp Clarkson to build the dress for the lady but he has previous to this to build the lady for the dress. The try-on is disappointing for the skirt does not "hang". In our happy Camp fashion, the lady's figure is altered a little, taken down here, added to a little there. Just a touch or two of make up is irresistible for all are keen on seeing the finished article — and there we have a blushing Christian maid of Nero's time, a little minx of a mill-girl, a robust lady of the middle class, a flighty society dame, a lady explorer or the darling of her old daddy's heart, as the case may be.

It is interesting to note the details of the various costumes. The lion, for instance, was built of one cocoa tin, half a sack, some wire, and a wooly mat (the latter was a real sacrifice to art, for it had been the pride of the box.) The armour for the Roman officers consisted chiefly of cardboard furnished by the Parcel's office, some paint and a lavish allowance of string. Lavinia cost the Society five metres of white muslin, three metres of red silk ribbon and eight metres of gold braid — the total cost being at the outside M. 4.50. The cheapest costume ever made in the Camp was that of the slave in "Androcles & the Lion" which consisted of two metres of red sateen, nero cost M. 7.— to dress.

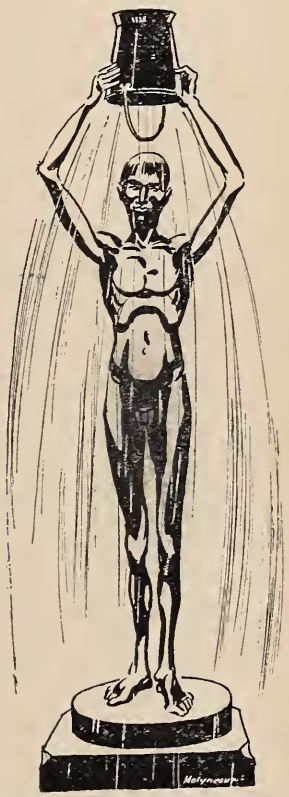
Sometimes a dress plays two roles, that of Enid in "Strife", for example, which was identical with that of the Canteen Girl in the first Revue — only on its second appearance it was altered and worn the other way round! Madge's dress was the result of a tour round the boxes of two barracks. The costumier's bill for "Strife" was less than M. 8.—.

For "As You Like It" Mr. Welland joined the firm and help was necessary, for there were no less than twenty-seven dresses to "create". It is amusing to note that in all twenty-seven there was not a single button, hook or eye or pin, all being made to simply slip over the head. The material was crepe or sateen and the whole cost under M. 100. Rosalind's costume ran up a bill of M. 2.35 and one regretted the society had not invested another 65 pfgs. in her tunic. Her hat and shoes were made from the remnants left after her other garments had been cut out.

Lady Cicely in "Captain Brassbound" cost M. 6.— while the Arabs were dear at the same price.

In wrestling with the question of modern dresses, Mr. Welland came to the fore and for "The Three Plays" produced two sets of mourning with hats, one evening frock, two flapper's dressers and one old lady's go-to-party get-up at a total cost of M. 30.—.

The last word in Ruhleben creations is that shown on our illustration and was worn by Enid in the "Speckled Band". It would have done Paquin justice though the price would have astonished the worthy firm — it was M. 12.50.



Suggested Commemorative Fountain to be placed in Trafalgar Square.

So much for the R.D.S. creations but these are not the only delightful feminines the Camp has seen. Undoubtedly the Irish girls have contributed more to the "England, Home & Beauty" sickness in the Camp than any others, and these Dr. Lechmere produced in one day, the material not arriving from Berlin until the night before the production. The second Irish play, "Mrs. M'Ginty's Lodger" was dressed by Mr. Pat Caleb, who despite the fact that this was his first attempt in the dressmaking direction turned out six charming frocks and petticoats and one cape. The total cost was M. 63.— and it is Mr. Caleb's boast that not a single pin was necessary to aid his dresses in their "sit".

Each of the eight ladies of the Revue Chorus ran up a dressmaker's bill of M. 10.— each, while Marie Lloyd's two costumes were equally "expensive". All were designed by Mr. Roker and made in the Camp.

Does the Camp realise what all this means? It is not merely that we have had our pleasant evenings at the theatre. It means much more, it means that to the credit of the R.D.S. must be placed a great deal of what we call the English spirit, the joy of tackling difficulties and the greater joy of coming out on top of them which has done so much to keep the Camp smiling.

By the way, do not show this article to your wife when you get home or you may get into severe hot water for not having learnt a little useful dressmaking. Still, on the other hand, you may show her what dressmakers bills really ought to be.

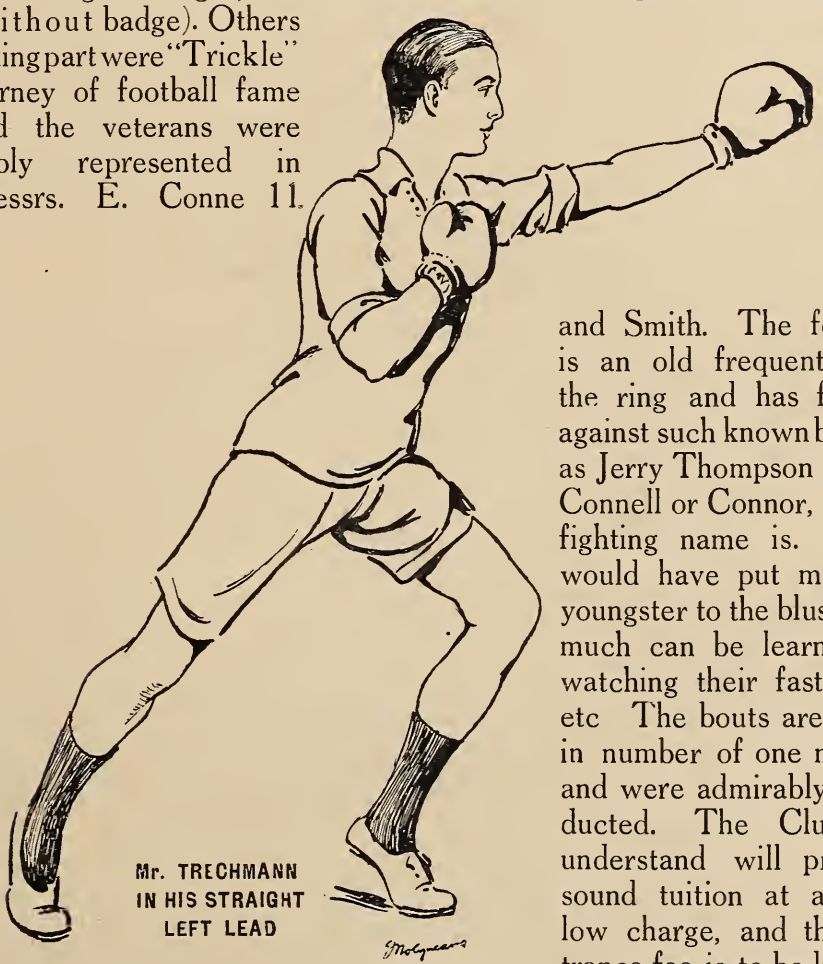
SPINTHO.

THE RUHLEBEN "WONDERLAND".

"BARNEY"

IN view of the recent development of boxing that has occured in the Camp, we welcome with interest the news that has reached us of the formation of a Club with a strong Committee to take the matter in hand and regulate same. We recently spent a most enjoyable couple of evenings at the establishment locally known as "Wonderland", controlled by the "Cobbler". This is situated between Barracks 4 and 8, and was well patronized the evening we were present. Amongst the regular patrons

whom we noticed lolling in their deck chairs were such well-known local celebrities as Mr. Whitehead (Brummagem), Dr. Rutterford (The Irrepressible) and Mr. Boler (The Orator), Capt. Toffee Cocker (he of the pull) and many others, grouped all around were the various combatants and their supporters. The bouts we witnessed were certainly interesting in their variety, comprising such contrasts as Mr. Allason (No. 2 Barracks light weight) and the diminutive "Captains Office-boy (without badge). Others taking part were "Trickle" Barney of football fame and the veterans were nobly represented in Messrs. E. Conne 11. and Smith. The former is an old frequenter of the ring and has fought against such known boxers as Jerry Thompson & Alf Connell or Connor, as his fighting name is. They would have put many a youngster to the blush and much can be learned in watching their fast work etc The bouts are three in number of one minute and were admirably conducted. The Club we understand will provide sound tuition at a very low charge, and the entrance fee is to be limited to one Mark which in view of the advantages to be gained should be well within the reach of our prospective "Carpentiers". Once the sanction of the authorities has been gained, competitions will be organised which we hope to describe later on.



Mr. TRECHMANN IN HIS STRAIGHT LEFT LEAD

The evening's entertainment concluded with a friendly bout between two of our Sports Committee, who, in identifying themselves with this new branch of sport, gave it a good send-off and rounded off an evening's sport which seemed to be generally appreciated.

A. HERSEE.

THE IRISH PLAYERS.

Mrs. M'Ginty's Lodger.

EVERYONE goes to a performance by the wild Irish, looking forward to a jorry evening and they get it. We wish to make our humble apologies to Mrs. Mary M'Ginty for not having immortalised her buxom form in our illustration pages but if she gives us another opportunity she shall not escape. Mr. Smyllie's play was a somewhat bare scaffolding, but the players successfully covered its skeletonlike properties with their broad humour and uproarious farce. Naturally we all fell in love with Molly and, by the way, Molly played excellently. Her insidious glances would have well become a member of the first row of the chorus at the Gaiety or at Daly's and as for her auntie, he was so good that one looks forward with great expectations to seeing him in "legitimate." We hope the R.D.S. will take the hint. Algy was — er — well Algy and the Skin-the-Goat, his dear old natural self. Mr. Smyllie is to be congratulated on his producing capabilities —' an it takes a harbitrary one to manage then drish. Really, we hope the Irish crowd will do it again, and so does the Camp.

S. SUSSMANN

Russian Tailor

Grand Stand No. 1.

(Next door to Catholic Chapel)

ALL WORK DONE PERSONALLY.

ESTIMATES FREE.

Home adress:

Barrack 11, Box 26.

A. Weinberg,

— Barrack 6, Box 14. —

WATCHMAKER

Repairs done cheaply.

The Ruhleben

EXCHANGE & MART

Barrack 5 B.

originated & conducted by MORTIMORE HOWARD.

—⊙—

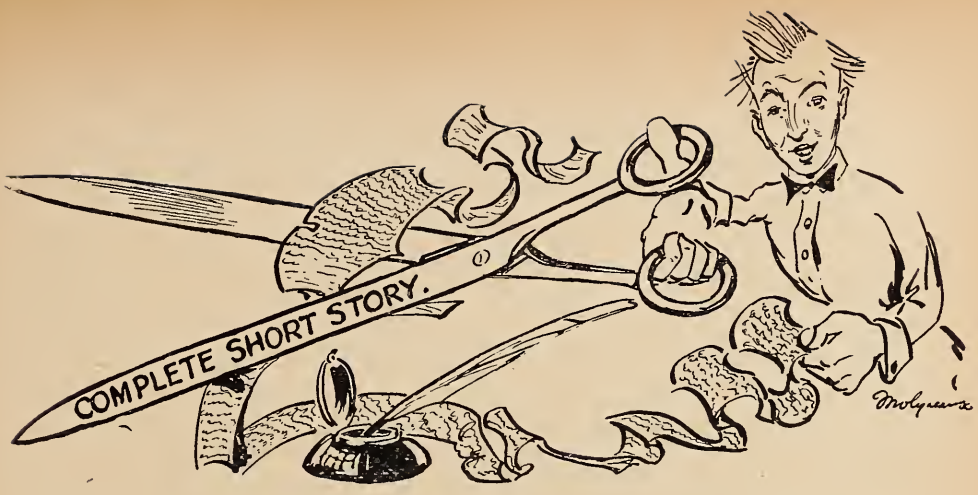
Do you want to buy anything? Have you anything superfluous, anything you don't want, or anything you wish to sell?

Put it on the Exchange & Mart Register without delay.

Our motto: KEEP MOVING.

LOST & FOUND (Two lines 50 Pfgs. per insertion.

LOST! a small brown purse containing a little money, but a key which is valued. Reward! Box 10, this paper.



THE HYPOCRITE.

This is the real reason why Jones went up into the loft. I call him Jones, though I trust I have painted him clearly enough to be recognizable to everybody. He did not merely give up his place in Box 21 to a sick man, as everybody believes, and I can stand his hypocrisy no longer. I should like to add that the fact of his having beaten me in one of the finals on Empire Day has nothing whatever to do with my making public his disgusting acceptance of a false position.

He came to Ruhleben later than the rest of us. The captain brought him into the box one night in December.

"Here's a new man, Brown, a Mr. Jones from Berlin. Give him Schmidt's bed, will you?" Then adressing Jones: "You'll soon get into the run of things, though it does look a bit queer at first. If there is anything you want, money, clothes, casino pass, just let me know. Letters? Yes, Brown, will tell you all about that. So long then."

Brown, who was the only man in the box at the time, acted as host.

"Sorry to see you here", he said, "but it's not so bad. We're a pretty comfortable box altogether. There is Jameson. He sleeps over you. This is your bed" and he pointed to the lower bunk under the window. "Then there is Sturgeon, an Australian and Heppelt, a quiet sort of — —"

"Who do you say?" asked Jones, turning pale.

"Heppelt. Comes from Berlin. Do you know him? A tailor, I believe."

"Yes, that is — er — no. At least, I don't think — —" and Jones buried his face and his confusion in his bag.

Did he know him? Ridiculous question, when he had at that very moment in his pocket-book a bill due to that very

gentleman. As soon as Brown had left the room, he pulled it out to have another look at it by the light of the forbidden candle, hoping against hope that there might be some mistake. But no, there it was: S. O. Heppelt, Tailor. Then followed a lengthy statement of services rendered; item, a pair of striped trousers; item, a spring overcoat, and largest item of all, the total M. 421.—. He gave himself up to despair. Was ever anyone in such a horrible predicament? To be locked up in the same horse-box as one's unpaid tailor! Burying his face in his hands, he groaned aloud, and just at that moment who should come in but Heppelt himself.

"What's wrong?" he asked.

Jones jumped up as if shot through the heart. "I'm the newcomer to take Schmidt's bed", he stammered.

"Pleased to meet you. My name is Heppelt" and he looked at Jones inquiringly.

"I know, I mean — er — I don't know — That is, of course — mine's — er — Jones" he mumbled, thinking every moment he would be recognized, and half expecting to be dunned on the spot. He forgot, poor fool, that though a man has only one tailor (unless he's very hard up indeed), a tailor has many customers, and that even in Berlin, there are several Jones.

Heppelt looked at him with surprise, then put his curious behaviour down to the fact that he was not yet accustomed to the new surroundings.

"Cheer up", he said, "you'll soon get used to Ruhleben."

"I'm sure it's very kind of you, Mr. Heppelt."

"You can drop the Mister, here, you know."

"Certainly, sir."

"Oh! hang it, I did not mean that."

"Queer beggar, this new chap", he told his roommates later. "Don't quite know what to make of him."

They none of them did. He liked, according to his own account, to take his meals in the open air, to watch rain and dust-storms from the Grand Stand, to get up early and go to bed late.

"Anyone would think you were frightened of us" Heppelt laughed one day "or that you owed us some money. And not noticing 'Jones' horrible contortions, "As a matter of fact, it's the other way about. I'm a bit short myself, and was wondering if you could lend me M. 5.— for a day or two.

Jones looked at him in dismay then slowly and silently pulled out his pocket-book and handed over a bill.

"It's awfully good of you, I'm sure", said Heppelt, but the other was not to be deceived. Heppelt had recognized

him and was going to eat him up piecemeal. He shuddered. What could he do? He could only try and lengthen the process by keeping still more out of the other's way. He must hide from his horrible persecutor. That was all that was clear to his dazed mind. There happened to be a sick man in the loft. He volunteered to give him his bed, and the same day they changed places. That is why Jones went up into the loft.

One of his most fervent admirers by the way, is Heppelt, but that is because he never asked for his M. 5.— back.

GOVETT.

"IN RUHLEBEN CAMP"

The Comments of our Contemporaries on our coming into the World.

"— — — — QUITE the funniest thing we have read since one of our numbers in 1859."

PUNCH."

"WIR müssen hierdurch anerkennen und bestätigen, dass durch das Erscheinen unseres neuen Konkurrenten die Verbreitung unseres eigenen vorzüglichen Blattes wirklich gefährdet wird.

B. Z. AM MITTAG."

"WE like the serious literary standard of our new contemporary, we bow towards it and wish it luck in its new venture.

COMIC CUTS."

"— — — THE second number of 'In Ruhleben Camp', though of a high literary and artistic standard, strikes us as being dull and seems not to be capable of writing down sufficiently to its public.

QUARTERLY REVIEW."

"THE new fortnightly entitled 'In Ruhleben Camp' is ABSOLUTELY THE MOST brillant production of modern journalism — — we have ever had the pleasure of perusing.

T. A. B. in 'IN RUHLEBEN CAMP'."

"WE have read worse magazines.

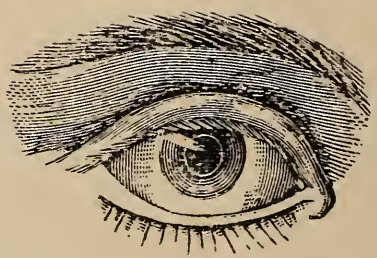
ARTS & SCIENCE Union Journal".

(thanks very much — we feel better!)

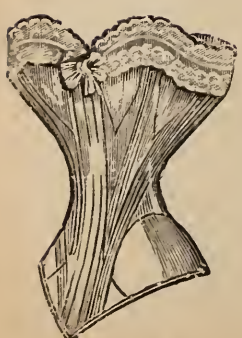
A TRUE TALE OF LOVE AND DEVOTION.

(OR THE ROMANCE OF OUR PRINTER'S CATALOGUE OF DRAWINGS.)

NOW the handsome and gallant Marmaduke loved the fair, the beautiful Aramintha with all his heart but her stern and noble parents forbade Aramintha evermore to set eyes upon the devoted Marmaduke and flung him incontinent from their portals. Thereupon Marmaduke with his heart at breaking point, throwing himself sobbing passionately on the bosom of his friend sought counsel of him.

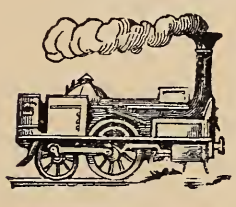


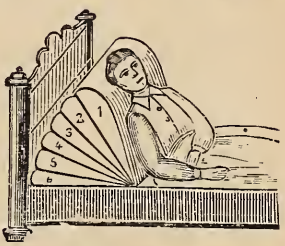
Leander, the friend of his youth, counselled him thus: "Go! travel for a while, Old Horse, and forget the fair form of this maid or else come back with such renewED ardour that every citadel will fall before thee Stern parents will yield and thy life will



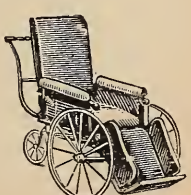
flow with milk and honey." Marmaduke with heart now somewhat soothed though not yet healed, said "Leander! that's a damn good idea! Thou seest before thee a man whose heart, truly never more can beat. Yea! I will hie me forth to Cooks and buy a ticket! I will go to Hull, Hell or Halifax! Nay! I do but think I will go to Germany and see where things are MADE, perhaps some occupation may beguile my weary heart the while!"

Marmaduke hied and bought his ticket £ 3 · 11 · $6\frac{3}{4}$ (with 3rd Class Hotel accomodation) he travelled to Folkestone and braved the perils of the North Sea, reaching the foreign strand at last in safety. The hot August day, the babble of a strange tongue, and the heat of Berlin's pavement to his feet fatigued him so that he retired to his lodgement and slept to be aroused ere an hour had passed by a hand on his shoulder and a voice in his ear "Mein Mister! too Detektifs are here! Your land is at war with ours! — — — My friends, you know the tale!!!" Eventually Marmaduke came to Ruhleben where the ever-faithful Aramintha sent him out of her pocket-money and unknown to her stern parents many parcels. Marmaduke loved her the more, while C/o Aramintha's loca chemist many "Kriegsgefangenensendung" letters arrived from Marmaduke,





For 35 years this lasted and then Aramintha still young and blooming led the now released Marmaduke to the altar and lived happily ever afterwards.



H. B. M.

Letters to the Editor

ALL letters to the editor must be accompanied by name and Barracke Number of sender, not necessarily for publication but as a guarantee of good faith.

Dear Mr. Editor:

I'm angry and I think I really have a just complaint to make. I want to know on what grounds the Variety Show artistes justify the fact that they took the profits of three whole nights to themselves and put it in their own pockets whilst using the Hall which is loaned to the whole Camp in order to earn it. The artistes get their five bob a week relief just the same as I do and all the rest of us do when they need it. Why should they have a benefit? But the worst feature of all is that not only did they take the whole profits of these three nights, but they raised the price to M. 1.— which kept us five-bobbers (the major portion of the Camp) out of the Hall for three nights, turning it into a second Summer House Club for the time being. If the merchants and men who run the Canteen and all the parcel-post, library postmen, workgangs, etc. (and these people really do work for the whole Camp) start having benefits, where WILL we get to???

Yours truly
FIVE BOB A WEEK.

Sir,

The importance of the facts dealt with in your issue of 27th June is such that I trust you will allow me to make some observations upon them. For the purpose of this letter I will take the financial statement which appears on page 47, as being part of the article in question.

This statement, which is dated 10th. April, bears no date showing the period with which it deals; nor are any balances brought forward from the previous statement. I assume that it is complete in itself, and that it covers the first quarter of this year, ending on 31st March.

Among the receipts appear two items, M10, 401 and M69.000 respectively, but neither of these can be considered as part of the Camp Funds. They are amounts which have been advanced by the British Government to prisoners who stand in need of financial assistance. They have no more connection with Camp finances than have the amounts which reach prisoners through the British and German post offices. We are concerned only with money which is raised in Ruhleben from

immates in the Lager, and with the contribution of the British Government for Camp purposes (amounting to M. 22,000). The amount raised either by direct taxation, such as parcels-fees, or by indirect taxation, e. g. canteen profits, proceeds from entertainments, concerts, boiler receipts, etc. reaches a very substantial figure. Clearly, the people who subscribe this money are entitled to know what becomes of it, how it is spent, and what is to be done with any surplus that may remain from time to time.

For some reason that I have never been able to comprehend, this explanation has never been forthcoming, and the financial statement which appears in your pages does not, I regret to say, shed much light upon the matter. Mr. Jones' statement that to give a detailed account of the disposition of the Camp funds would entail a large amount of "unnecessary analysis" would not be listened to in business circles, and would probably involve the dismissal of the cashier bold enough to make it.

That the profits derived from the Camp itself are considerable is shown by the fact that the surplus amounted to M. 19,240.56 during the period under review. If these figures may be taken as a basis of calculation, this surplus should amount to nearly M. 40,000 by the end of the year.

Why do not the gentlemen who disburse the Camp funds take us into their confidence?

You obedient servant,
L. E. FILMORE.

(WE have received other letters on this subejct, but space prevents our publishing them. The above, however, represents the opinion) expressed in the same.)

To the Editor,
Sir,

Will you VERY kindly inform me

1. Why you consider Barrack 11's chances at cricket so slight, that you have the damned impertinence to pat them on the back for good sportsman-ship — the usual consolation prize — before the season has been started, and before we have lost a match?

2. Why you favour Bar. 3's chances? Do you think the presence of a lot of would-be actors, artists, authors and other sub-men in that Barrack will improve the form of its players? Or are you in the team yourself?

3. Whether you think that because Bar. 4 have the stamina to win a tug-of-war competition against a rotten Camp, it follows that they necessarily have the skill to win the cricket championship?

(Continued on page 41)

PUBLISHERS' ANNOUNCEMENTS

"BUTTERWORTHIANA" or the Chairman's Vade mecum by "Butterskotch". 2 d.

"The Compleat Chairman" by W. Butterworth J. P. 6/-

"Public Meetings, and the Function of the Chair" by W. B——. J. P. 6/6.

"The Cheerful Chairman, or Chairmen I have succeeded" by W. B. 2/6.

"The Chair" by Walther Butterworth J. P. £5-5-0.

ALL PUBLISHED BY CALLARD & BOWSER LTD

"Art, thou shalt die" by Leigh Henry. Harmsworth Popular Library. 7 d.

"Under two flags" by A Blake-Lee. 6/-.

"Expected shortly (overdue) Apologia pro vita sua. N. G. Kapp

"Kitchen-Inspector P—ke on Indigestion" half pigskin. 2 d.

THE BAUBBLE REPUTATION

Dick Halpin was a citizen of credit and renown:
And didn't care a "bloody damn" for all in Lager Town.

But once he was so foolish as to write a little book
About a sojourn he had made in a dark and lonely nook.

He took it to the Editor who listed it for sale:
"In Darkest Cells" the title ran, and thereby hangs a tale.

For when the Title so appeared, Dick's friends all shrieked with glee
And tho' Dick damned with all his might — the joke he could not see.

No peer had Dick in "s'perience" or in financial lore
So knocked he next, with twinkling eye, upon our office door.

"See here", quoth he, to T.A.B., what mean you by this here?
To me, as much as any man, my reputation's dear."

"I'll raise old Hell for you and all that live in Lager Town
Unless upon this "bloody spot" you straightway pay me down.

"My honour's worth? (And here he leered with purpose fell and dark)
"You're five" said he, "Give tuppence each, and make a bloody Mark."

But T.A.B. is not so soft and easy to do in
"Blackmail", said he "my good friend Dick, is a punishable sin."

"Your book tells me that in its line you are without equal:
But if you do persist in this — you'll have to write a sequel."

The logic of this argument Dick saw, and forthwith ran:
He left the office door, I think, a sadder, wiser man.

The Office Boy.

---

4. What the Dickens the good of a first rate wicket-keeper is to Bar. 2 if they have no one to bowl straight to him?

Let me tell you, sir, that if the championship can be won, Bar. 11 is the Barrack to win it.

Yours,
ELEVENITE.

S. S. I am neither the Chairman nor the Secretary of the Ruhleben Cricket Association.

(We leave our sporting man to answer this, he's bigger than we are. — Ed.)

Dear Sir,

I should like to draw attention through your correspondence columns to the widespread dissatisfaction which seems to be felt in the Camp with regard to the so-called Entertainments Committee.

How this body of men came into being nobody seems to know. However, they seem to have been given full power over all the takings and expenditure of every performance, dramatic or otherwise, given in the Camp, and more over, have the right to say whether a play is or is not suitable for production.

As at present constituted this committee consists of six members; three acting members of the Ruhleben Dramatic Society, two representatives of the professional music hall artists, and one independent outsider. Thus only two interests are represented by its members and while having every respect for the gentlemen in question, I do not think that they should be given control over other societies and their productions, about which their knowledge may be extremely small. If we must have an Entertainments Committee, for goodness sake let every interest be represented.

Again, with regard to the proceeds of various performances. The average gross takings of a successful show should be roughly M. 500, of which possibly M. 300 may be put down to expenses. Well, as we have a successful show every week, the profits should be something like M. 200 weekly; and taking another possible M. 50 for various disbursements, we are left with M. 150 per week clear profit. What the Entertainments Committee intend doing with this weekly income, which by the way, is a none too generous estimate, is what many of us should like to know. If we are here for, say another six months, the Entertainments Committee should have a nice little balance of about M. 4000—5000 in hand.

Yours etc.
R. M. SMYLLIE,
Bar. 21.

The
Count of Luxembourg

July 15th, 16th, 17th and 18th.

DON'T MISS IT!

Wonderful decorations!
Splendid scenery!
Grand costumes!

Produced by Grib. **Conductor: Peebles-Conn.**

PRINCIPLE CHARACTERS:

Count of Luxembourg . .	Grib & Austin
Angele	Jaschon
Brisard	Austin
Juliette	Brannan
Countess Kockoczan . . .	Thorpe
Prince Basil	Short

Scenery by Weiz.

THE SECOND VARIETY SHOW.

IN spite of a rather shaky first night and the loss of a lion's head, Mr. Tapp and his assistants easily eclipsed their former effort and gave us a very entertaining evening. The turns were well mixed and were, with one exception, quite uniformly good. The ventriloquial act was scarcely up to the standard; Mr. Stafford seemed somewhat bored with his puppets and in this he had the sympathy of the audience. The tennis-players, however, (who didn't play tennis), Prof. Nelson, the Bros. Maurice *and* A. Underwood, Gus Barra and the Humpsty-Bumpsty pair would have satisfied a Saturday-second-house-audience in Shepherd's Bush or Peckham.

The Sketch was an inconsistent trifle. It began with the broad elemental fun, which still, thank God, delights all normal persons; but it tailed off into a rather clumsy exploitation of the erotic and expired confusedly on a side-track. Harry Stafford, as the assistant barber, was extremely funny, though there is still a touch of restraint about him, which he should try to get rid of. Archie Welland was clever, but in his Salome-Dance his appeal to the audience was too masculine and insistent; he amused, but failed to charm. Underwood was a seductive little flapper. Percy Maurice had but little opportunity in a poor part, while Alex. Boss did the traditional irascible Frenchman quite successfully.

By the way, who *did* take that lion's head? One can understand a man laying covetous fingers on spoons or shaving soap, but the motive in this case is too obscure for normal understandings. Where are Mr. Butchart and the recently resuscitated Sherlock?

C. H. B.

Why don't YOU shine at the Debate? Unanswerable arguments for every motion, and crushing replies to same; snubs; stinging retorts, etc. etc. Supplied at shortest notice. R. Gument, Bar. 2.

CLOTHES REPAIRED, DARNING, ETC. Neatly done. Durability guaranted. Read this testimonial: 'Dear Mr Thred. Early last December I had a pair of pants patched by you. Since then I have completely worn away the original materials but YOUR PATCHES ARE STILL AS GOOD AS NEW and worn by me throughout the late sunbathing season. Yours B. Rason Fase.

STOP! Don't throw away that old pocket handkerchief! We can make complete sunbathing costumes from it. As worn on Spielplatz. Apply Wyldmann & Co.

BIRKS' "PEERAGE". Who's Who in Ruhleben (and what they are outside). Giving genealogies and pedigrees of all celebrities in the Camp, with past performances and sentences. To be issued shortly.

GRUB. Are you writing home for parcels? Then why not send a sketch portrait. Pinched and haggard expressions a speciality. Bumping hamper results every time. Penzel, Designer, Bar. 47.

BINDING CASES for "In Ruhleben Camp" will hold from 90 to 100 fortnightly copies. For Ever & A. Day, Bookbinders, Bar. 90.

RUHLEBEN GNATS.

A little Rumour floating round upon the sunny air
By chance arrived at Ruhleben from God alone knows where.
And carried by an air-wave to a Scotsman's fertile brain
On his imagination fed, and quickly waxed amain.

And as it grew, it multiplied itself in many forms
Just like the little polyps that the sea contains in swarms
Until a hazy group of Rumours finally emerged
An like the ocean swell upon the patient Camp they surged.

Mosquito-like they flew along from group to chatting group
And left each one assuming they had really got a coup
And soon the Camp was permeated fully, as with leaven,
Till the stories in the Teehaus were discussed in Barrack seven.

And wildly inconsistent were the various reports;
Not tentative suggestions which were rich in "shoulds" and "oughts"
But marvellous assurances of awe-inspiring acts,
Was ever such a horde before of self-destructive facts?

You know, of course, the midges small that flourish for a day
And dance upon the shimmring air and quickly pass away?
Well, so it happened unto this mysterious Rumour-horde
A heat wave came at close of day and washed them overboard.

And when the shades of gathering night descended like a pall
And in the sky the silver moon was watching over all
Not one remained to tease the weak or victimise the strong,
The Camp had settled down, — until the next should come along!

S. E. J.

PERVERTED PROVERBS FOR PRISONERS.

It's a long week that has no parcel.
t's never too late to shave.
A quid in the hand's worth two in the office.
A rolling pin gathers no dough — in Ruhleben.
It's a wise barrack that knows its own Captain.
A tip in time saves 72.
A watched man never smokes — in barracks.
Be sure your non-com will find you out.
Travel in haste and repent in — Ruhleben.
Soap springs eternal in the barrack sink.

A. D.

WHAT OUR READERS THINK OF US.

(The following are extracts from a few of the many p. c's received in response to our appeal for helpful criticism and suggestions.)

"I likes your Journal very well, my dear. I bought up six copies at 20 Pfg. each at 8 o/c and retailed them at 10 o/c after the edition was sold out at 40 Pfg. each. Cent per cent. Eh what! — Yours,

A. SILBERSTEIN, Bar. 6."

"You will be pleased to hear, no doubt, that we have decided to give your admirable little paper a place on our Reading Room table, will you therefore let us have half a dozen copies specially bound. —

'MEMBER, THE WINTER HOUSE'."

"My dear Sir: On looking through your periodical, I saw to my astonishment several pages on which my name is not even mentioned. Now do buck up and see this doesn't occur again, there's a good fellow. R. de l'EHR."

"Dear Mr. Editor, — I like "In Ruhleben Camp" very much. If you publish this letter it will be my first time in print. Thanking you in anticipation. Yours sincerely,

CONSTANT READER.

P. S. I have read every number from the start."

"I consider the magazine too flippant in character and too much space is allotted to lurid descriptions of mere exhibitions of physical prowess. One of my young friends (Mr. Ackel Ight) has written the enclosed charming essay 'Does barbed wire fix a limit to the range of one's imagination'. You would be well advised to print this for it will raise the tone of your misguided periodical.

P. REE. SHARD."

"Honored Mister. What I've got ter say is this 'ere. Your paper's alright as far as it goes, but it don't go no farther than a blamed Mother's Meeting Report. What us chaps wants is something sporty and spicy. What about Latest Betting News? What about tips for the Cricket Championship? Aint there no blooming Scandal in this ere Camp? Why, s'help me, theres a bloke what spars in Barney's Ring, that has the neatest left in Ruhleben and I aint so much as seen his name mentioned in your pappy rag. Yours disgustedly,

"NO MAMMY'S DARLING."

OFFICIAL TRADING STORES

Outfitting Stores

Dry Stores

Canteen

Pond Stores

SPECIAL:

A fresh consignment of Mixed Pickles at 50 Pfgs. per jar has arrived at the Canteen Stores.

HYGIENE:

A protector, of thin toilet paper, has been ordered for laying on the seats of the new latrines. Price M. 1.10 per 100.

RUHLEBEN CAMP SCHOOL.

Its Work and the Spirit of its Endeavour.

IT is now some months since the Camp was notified by the School Committee that the enforced leisure we are enjoying here would be able to be turned to profitable account — by Study. But since the 1100 Application Forms were sent in, little has been heard of the School: this was due to the fact, that contrary to the Committee's expectations no accomodation was obtainable.

A start, however, was made in Boxes and Loft Corners until some 30 classes were so formed, providing for some 300 Pupils. With the arrival of warm weather, and the possibility of work being carried on the Third Grandstand, the number steadily mounted to about 50, and new classes are being formed daily; so that nearly 500 of the original applicants are being enabled to get tuition in some of the subjects they asked for.

Further accommodation will shortly be placed at the Committee's disposal, (the Loft of Barrack 6 is to be partitioned and used for Class-rooms) and the Committee hope soon to be able to deal with the great majority of the Applications received.

To suggest more vividly the nature of the work done in the School, we may mention the following classes, chosen at haphazard: Dr. Blagden has a Marine Engineering Class for Extra-Chiefs Certificate, where some 30 engineers are preparing themselves for this examination: Mr. Cooper is giving a series of practical lectures on the Diesel Engines to about the same numbers of pupils: Mr. Pennington has an equally large class in Mathematics: and Elementary Physics are being taught by Messrs. Smith and Edge. Commercial Training is not being neglected and Shorthand and Bookkeeping Classes have been set going. Spanish classes are being taken by Messrs. Eager, Kirkham, Balfour, & Heather: French classes are very numerous and Russian, Dutch, Italian and English Classes are bringing rapidly forward quite large numbers of Students. Mr. Bodin is taking one group over the difficulties of the History of Philosophy; and Prof. Patchett, having discussed the Problem of the Freedom of the Human Will, has passed on to discuss (in German) the Philosophy of Goethe's Faust with an audience of a good round 100. We must not forget to mention the large Physical Drill class that has been organised under the charge of Messrs. Dix, Sullivan, and Lucas.

A. C. FORD,
Chairman of the School Committee.

THE SUSSEX LAUNDRY

PROPRIETORS: BERLINER & CO.

PURE BRITISH!

Washing of all kinds ironed, starched and repaired at moderate prices.

OUTSIDE BARRACK 20
NR. ENTRANCE TO SUBURBS!

FIRST-RATE TENNIS-RACQUET
ALMOST NEW FOR SALE CHEAP!
APPLY BETWEEN 2—4 p. m.
BAR. 6, BOX 8, BLUM.

Joseph Ashun
(late of Nugget Company)
Best shoe-polish in the world.
Used by me! 1913 Leipzic Exhibition.
Corner Bar. 10. Business-hours: 6-10 a. m

BOOKS & MAPS

of all kinds and descriptions and in all languages supplied at shortest notice and without extra charge by the Old Established Firm

C. B. Baker,
Barracks 7, Box 28

The Management of the Schonungsbaracke wish to thank the many donors for their kind gifts all of which have been greatly appreciated by the patients. The managen ent would like to receive further support and would remind their fellow-prisoners that every gift in the shape of food-stuffs, however small, is welcome

BAMBULA

Expert shoe-shiner
Corner Barrack 10.

P. BLAKE

P. B.
HAIRDRESSER
RAZORS GROUND & SET ⊙ BAR. 20.

DARNER!

Expert darner! Moderate prices
Bar. 4, Box 17. Burley

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